As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.
3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance, *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipt?
Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. A saile, a saile, a saile.
Cas. What noyse?
Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
otand ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.
Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.
2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*
Cas. I pray you sir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells the blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?
Enter 2. Gentleman.
2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, by seas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensceperd; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by

The diuine *Desdemona*.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spoke of, our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede --- great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emillia, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, --- O behold
The riches of the ship is come ashore.
Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.
Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.
Desd. O but I feare: --- how lost you company?
[*within.*] *A saile, a saile.*
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, A saile.
2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Cittadell,
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. So speakes this voyce:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That gines me this bold shew of courtesie.
Iag. For would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,
You'd haue enough.